Clubbing Rates: THE CLARION, and either of the journals named below, will be sent one year on the New York Weekly Herald,
New York Weekly Sun,
New York Weekly Times,
American Agriculture, St. Louis,
Home and Farm, Looisville,
Harper's Monthly,
Harper's Mewkly,
Harper's Bozar, (Weekly),
Harper's Young People, (Weekly),
Touth's Companion, Boston, (Weekly),
Yorksburg Weekly Herald,
Baptist Becord, (Ulinton),

atricity adhered to.

PUBLIC OPINION.

JACKSON, WEDSESDAY EVENING, MAY 14, 1884. That which we know or may control we dread not much;
You lion rushing on his prey is not so leated
As nature's power resistless, that by its touch
Can blight the brightest ho, es of earth or exalt
the mind to Heaven.

There's age some hope ere the glittering steel. Hath drawn the young life's blood;
There's age some hope ere the well-aimed shed. Hath hostened the grave and the shroad. These we can see, we can feel, we can know; These can avert, or give blow for blow; But when vague, inseen powers suddenly flash. Thunders roar, pervinnes, the torrents crash—What subtle power is King o'er the land.' And who can stay his pittless hand?

But, 'stead of the storm, come the soft breeze Wheep ring of mother, of home and of Heaven. Litting the soul from earth's trampled so to the stars, angels' eyes, and the glory of freathing of one on the "shining Shors," Breathing of one on the "Shining Shore," Who loved us, we say, in bright days of yore. The storm with its darkness, its fury and roar: The storm with findurkness, he fury and roar;
The sephyr a sweet influence in love waited a cr
fly far now filead sent;—the result of it what?
The storm it hath shin; the rephyr slays not,
that like Pablic Opinion when it hits to a throne
Some high-honored man whose merit's his own,
is noth made all the land to seem a fair garden
With such favored mortal its own special warden

Like the youth's first love for his lady fair, Like the young a trist wish for a cose in her hair, by the man's first wish for a cose in her hair, Like the genius' amb from for fame or for gold, the applicant's lessire for knowledge untold

THE ETHICS OF JOURNALISM.

BY REV. C. B. GALLOWAY, D. D., CHAP-

LAIN OF THE ASSOCIATION. Ludies and Jeutlemen and Members of the

In response to your generous invitation it has fallen to my lot to bear an

ME E K JAYNE is the duly authorized Agent omniscience of the professional critic. a sure evidence of journalistic genius. arose and in generous phrase thus adbases, and from the hide of wild beasts. THE CLARION and we commend bim to our I crave the spirit of an humble, honest I know some papers that seem to be dress d his companion: The Change and we commend that to our periods in his travels through the State. He will student. So then at the expense of appearing dull, I shall endeavor to be pearing dull to the pearing dull to th

> The history of journalism is a perpetnomenal. But a few years ago comparatively, the art of printing was invented. entious, and of its mighty destiny there and impure expletives, are to be avoided was not the faintest conception. Now as degrading to the dignity of the prothey have multiplied to thousands and fession and corrupting to our pure idio secome the most potent factor in every

mains that the Press is "The mightiest of the mighty means On which the arm of progress leans," It is the magic hand that strikes the

Annual Oration Before the Mississippi Press Association, at Robinson's Opera House, Jackson, Miss., Thursday, May 15, 1884.

after a twelve months weary strug. history so remarkable and an enterprise aginary, ought not to aimed an over gle for the prizes and victories of life. so successful, I must submit that his burdened community. His jealousie But the sentiment of the occasion should not all be expended in mere jocularity—in mirth and music—hand shaking and mutual congratulation. If All advertising is the after first insertion, unless the critical possible, thoughful conference should be had concerning the great and grow and advances. It will be allowed ing interests of our profession, its widen-

pearing dull, I shall endeavor to be practical, and as appropriate to the occasion, hoping it may not be altogether profitless, I have selected for the a speedy funeral and a place in the cem WEITTEN BY MES. LENA M. HORRS, AND READ evening's discussion the Ethics of Jour. etery of newspaperdom already crowded with the tombs of ill-fated enterprises. There must be vivacity, vividness and vigor-the sparkle and freshness of nal marvel. Its growth has been phe striking expression—to command readers and achieve success. Prosaic precision is an enemy to stirring effect and "peneand the first crude newspaper was issued trative energy." But on the contrary, from a ruder press. Its aims were unprecoarseness and slang, slovenly by-words

> its abnormal development in certain directions, grow restive over its pretentions, grow restive over its pretention of many riddened fields, and commend the preference with an industrious, them as the scutiment of this happy retions boldness, rebuke its audacity and deny its influence, but the fact rerestrain the imperial spirit of enterprise or lay a repressing hand upon its glorious courage, but an improvement in the manner of displaying the immoral is the demand of sensitive virtue and public diapason of human thought, and evokes music from every chord. It is the fabled touch of Midas that turns every thing to gold for the worlds enrichment ment and becomes a very curse to purity but keeps itself poor. It is the but keeps itself poor. It is the swarthy Hercules, to whose mighty horrible and disgusting details of crime swarthy Hercules, to whose mighty muscles society looks for sure defense. It has the eager eagle eyes of Argus from which nothing escapes, and the hundred defty hands of Briarius whose grasp is weil-nigh exhaustless. All lands and peoples, all agencies and inventions all commerce and discoveries.
>
> The swarthy Hercules, to whose mighty muscles society looks for sure defense. It has the eager eagle eyes of Argus flourish and spirit of flippant, merry-making, that cannot fail to fatally poison have defty hands of Briarius whose grasp is weil-nigh exhaustless. All lands and peoples, all agencies and inventions all commerce and discoveries.
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> The charles U c

THE CLARION.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1884. VOL. XLVII.

honored part in the exercises of this your annual reunion. I congratulate upon it in large measure rests the responsibility of right education in a pure a grievance—some sere to heal—some

tireless toil and the auspicious circumstances which have brought us together
square.

style of expression. It is related of the
stances which have brought us together
square.

style of expression. It is related of the
stances which have brought us together
square.

score to settle—some apology to demand
—some enemy to punish—or some old
grudge to coddle and fondle. Personal

life seemed once a fruit-tree blooming,
Rippend fruit inviting learning. again. From varied responsibilities, from the pressing, imperious claims of life's activities, from its multitudinous and multifarious cares and affairs, we and multifarious cares and affairs, we are not introduced and route and route. All the profession: "Young man, you seem to think that the province of the news are not multifarious cares and affairs, we are not introduced and route. All they account the loftiest courage. That is their idea of aggressiveness and a live paper. Now permit me say to you wounger brethren of the press—you to the p have come to renew honored friend paper is to instruct and improve. You younger brethren of the press—you to ships, refresh pleasant memories and are mistaken; it is to astonish and whom the future is bright with promise Advertising Rates.

And in that dictum he has and whose careers are yet to be run—let me say to you, that a porcupied can dever make an ideal journalist.

Wroughtsatiety in me;

Now, in Autumn, 'mong the thistles, while life's dreamy storm-wind whist properties.

Advertising Rates.

Advertising Rates.

Advertising Rates.

Advertising Rates.

Advertising Rates.

And whose careers are yet to be run—let me say to you, that a porcupied can dever make an ideal journalist.

Wroughtsatiety in me;

Now, in Autumn, 'mong the thistles, who are an ideal journalist.

And the advertise Rates and whose careers are yet to be run—let me say to you, that a porcupied can dever make an ideal journalist.

And the advertise Rates and who gallant knights in a common cause, journalistic career. But in face of a sonalities. His grievances, real or imafter a twelve months weary strug, history so remarkable and an enterprise aginary, ought not to afflict an over-

Mindwerliding is the after first insertion, unless the rate; as specially agreed. On all contracts of 910 to note; as specially agreed. On all contracts of 910 to note as the contract of remember the wise old proverb which says: "He teaches well, who distinguishes well." Without assuming the affected well." Without assuming the affected wild bears and from papyrus to the hide of wild bears are evidence of journalistic genius. The teaches well are provided as spending many nours in other and from the bark of trees, to papyrus, and from the bark of trees, to papyrus, and from the bark of trees, to papyrus, and from papyrus to the hide of wild bears are evidence of journalistic genius.

Comrades known to marches many Comrades tried in dangers many Comrades bound by memories many Brothers let us ever be!

And if spared and growing older Shoulder still in line with shoulder And with hearts no throb the colder

THEN AND NOW.

Yet I never shook the tree! While life's dreary storm-wind whistle Fruitlessly I shake the tree!

PESTIFEROUS LITERATURE. A SERMON BY DR. TALMAGE, TEXT-"Of making books there is no end."-Le-

the paper, white and pure as an infant's soul waiting for God's inscription. A mother, sister, daughter. There she is, book! Examine the type of it. Exhair disheveled, countenance vacant, rants of the soul are at every street running all around the top of the walk. In offices of love, how we may lighten

Each other's burdens in our share of woe."

A like generous and loyal spirit I progress from the time when Solon's A fixe generous and loyal spirit I would enthrone as the lefty ideal of true journalistic brotherhood. Eschewing puerile personalities and vain vexing. I would lock shields with every brave knight of the quill and with the chivalincis spirit of our noble trust, keep perpetual vigils over the sacred rights and liberties of our people. So weighty are liberties of lead, and the battles all the victories of castles, and your industrious companliberties of our people. So weighty are zations, all the battles, all the victories, our responsibilities-so high our true all the defeats, all the glooms, all nission-so great the achievements be- the brightnesses, all the centuries to ore us-that we need to get into closer, make it possible. 'A book! It is the Civilized and. Along with the lamity the church and the State, and not inferior to either, because affecting each it ranks as a dominant force in all civilizations. Its lines have gone out to the ends of the earth. We may librations. Its lines have gone out to the ends of the earth. We may lament its abnormal development in certain directions, grow restive over its at reten.

books of men, books of women, books work. of God. The printing press is THE MIGHTIEST AGENCY ON EARTH the Gospel standing in a pulpit has a responsible position, but I do not think the bad; which stuck to you? The bad. and vehement voice against this great might." A cal it is as responsible as the position of an editor or a publisher. Take the simple statistics that our New York dailies now have a circulation of 450,000 per one which letter is a mind like a particle of the results o day, and add to it the fact that three of our weekly periodicals have an aggreand brass filings, gathers up the steel gravings, but for these iniquitous picto-

histories faithful and incorrect, legends your damnation. "God shall wound th beautiful and monstrous, all tracts, all hairy scalp of him that goeth on in his chronicles, all epilogues, all family, city, trespasses State, national libraries, and pile them up in a pyramid of literature and then I form bends over a romance; the eyes shall bring to bear upon it some grand, flash fire; the breath is quick and irreguglorious infallible, unmistakable Chris- lar; occasionally the color dashes to the

tian principles. God help me to speak cheek and then dies out; the hands with reference to the account I must at tremble as though a guardian spirit were last render. God help you to listen. | trying to shake the deadly book out of I charge you in the first place to stand the grasp; hot tears fall; she laughs aloof from all books that give false pic- with a shrill voice that drops dead at its tures of human life. Life is neither a own sound; the sweat on her brow is the tragedy nor a farce. Men are not all spray dashed up from the river of death; either knaves or heroes. Women are the clock strikes four, and the rosy neither angels nor faries. And yet if dawn soon after begins to look through you depended upon much of the litera- the lattice upon the pale form that looks ure of the day you would get the idea like a detained spectre of the night that life, instead of being something soon in a mad-house she will mistake earnest, something practical, is a fitful her ringlets for curling serpents, and and fantastic and extravagant thing. thrust her white hand through the bars How poorly prepared are that young of the prison and smite her head, rub man and woman for the ducies of to-day bing it back as though to push the scalp

on down until the miracles of our mod- INDISCRIMINATE READING OF NOVELS

of castles, and your industrious compandepth and ghastliness and horror of the a motto which ran along the wall just patriotic, and above all as hospitable, as ion will be more unattractive than ever now that you have walked in the wicked author does in a whole book writing-table, where she spent most of mass of the people who visit Jackson are romance through parks with plumed the bad engraver may do on half a side her time-"Count that day lost in which merely birds of passage; they stop only princess or lounged in the arbor with of pictorial. Under the disguise of pure thou hast done no good deed."

for good and for evil. The minister of evil. You have read books that have smaller evils, should lift up no united are not long enough to do half that I that has ever been held. From the mo-

No. 22

The shirker dabbles at his work. Or leaves it quite undone, And, in the hive of human bees, Is but a sluggish drone; And so, however high his rank, No credit is his due, Because he is not faithful In the work he has to do The worker, though, sits at his task

With steadfastness and vim; Doesn't put it down and take it up With every idle whim; But sticks to it with all his strength, Resolved to "pull it through. And never rests until his work Is done, and well done, too. 'Tis not the occupation, boys,

That ever makes the man, But 'tis the doer gives his work A low or lofty stand. However "mean" the task may be, The man 'twill ne'er degrade; But if he do it faithfully, A noble work 'tis made

So, boys, no matter what your rank, Its duties never shirk; But put your energy and will, Your hands and brain to work, And by your faithfulness and care Add honor to your state, "He who is faithful in the least Is fit to rule the great!"

KING ALFRED'S MOTTO.

New York Observer.] "What a curious room!" exclaimed Lily Thacher, as for the first time she stood behind the heavy curtains which wanted to copy it, and soon in all that guarded the entrance to her cousin Bela's little band of girls there was not one snuggery"-a room which Lily had who did not feel the blessed truth of old

week's visit at her uncle's house. As Bela left her, telling her she might examine anything she chose, Lily looked around with great interest at the many quaint and curious things which her cousin had collected in this cosy retreat. As of the day as most tremendous for ruin. There is no one who can like good pic-tures better than I do. But what shall denly caught by something which seem photograph on the wall her eye was sud-I say to the prostitution of this art to ed to her the most curious thing of allfrieze of golden letters on a dark ground,

hard, long-continuing and exhaustive these periodicals are the printed invita upon it. And I cannot tell you, Lily, upon the miads of visitors. fork.

Again, abstain from all those books brow of Americau art should be blotched brow brow of Americau art should be blotched brow of Americau art should be blotche which, while they have some good things about them, have also an admixture of thropists, bothering themselves about

cars the words kept running through her head, keeping time with the jog of the during the stay of the Association in the head, keeping time with the jog of the wheelin an odd way, like this: "Count that day

Lost in which

WORKERS VERSUS WORK. neat garments to give to a poor woman whose husband's death had left her suid-denly destitute. Nor must be forgotten the two pairs of old boots on which she sewed more than two dozen buttons for the poor old woman's children; for the next to darning stockings. Lily mo-t

abominated sewing on shoe buttons.

Another day she went to a bookstore and bought with her two weeks' spending money, her favorite, Sunday book-Dr Miller's "Week-day Religion." She sent off the book by mail to an aunt in a Western home, who was tired our and dragged down by worrying house hold cares. Weeks afterwards her aunt wrote: "You can't imagine what a help your little book has been to me. When I feel utterly discouraged I look into it and pluck up courage again. I have lent it to nearly a dozen people, and they all like it as much as

Another day Lily collected from her friends all the old numbers of St. Nicholas, and other "Childrens Magazines," which she could find, and sent them off in a box by express to a poor schoolteacher down South, who had a little lame brother and little time or means to amuse him.

So Lily went on trying every day to do something for some one else, and soon her companions noticed the difference in the thoughtless, jolly girl-now become so thoughtful for others' pleasure instead of her own and more than ever loved by them all, for she was not one whit less merry and companionable. By-and-by they discoverd the old

often longed to explore during her King Alfred's moto (as some one has thymed it): "Count that day lost Whose low descending sun Views by thy hand

No worthy action done. she was looking at a queer old German THE STATE CAPITAL AND PUB-LIC INSTITUTIONS As Viewed by the Editor of Natchez

> Democrat. Jackson, our State Capital, has probalong enough to catch a passing train or

ment of their arrival until they bade A call to dinner here interrupted the adieu to their hospitable hosts, there forgotten, and during her journey on the of the true home.life and of the genuine hospitable city than could be found out in a hundred business visits to the capi-

tal of the State. In regard to the proceedings of the Before reaching home she made up ready informed through the full and